dawn to the most minute detail. Once during the rehearsals of "Hamlet" I saw him growing more and more fatigued with his efforts to get the actors who opened the play to perceive his meaning. He wanted the first voice to ring out like a pistol shot.

" *Who's there ?* "

" Do give it up," I said. " It's no better ! "

" Yes, it's a little better/' he answered quietly, "andso it's worth doing."

From the first the scenery or substitute scenery was put upon the stage for rehearsal, and the properties or substitute properties were to hand.

After each act had been gone through twice each day, it came to half an act once in a whole day, because of the development of detail. There was no detail too small for Henry Irving's notice. He never missed anything that was cumulative—that would contribute something to the whole effect.

The messenger who came in to announce something always needed a great deal of rehearsal. There were processions, and half processions, quiet bits when no word was spoken. There was *timing.* Nothing was left to chance.

In the master carpenter, Arnott, we had a splendid man. He inspired confidence at once through his strong, able personality, and, as time went on, deserved it through all the knowledge he acquired and through his excellence in never making a difficulty.

" You shall, have it," was no bluff from Arnott You *iM* " have it"

We could not find precisely the right material for one of my dresses in " The Cup." At last, poking

about myself in quest of it, I came across the very thing at Liberty's—a saffron silk with a design woven into it by hand with many-coloured threads and little jewels. I brought a yard to